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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE BLOOD ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIV. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 21, 1899. NUMBER 4.

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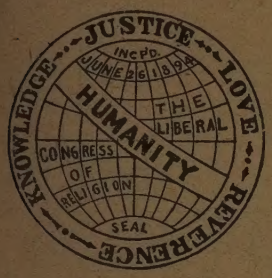

SIXTH SESSION
TO BE HELD
IN
BOSTON,
OCTOBER,
1899.

Program of the Sixth Annual Session of the Above Organization

TO BE HELD IN BOSTON OCTOBER 9-13, 1899.

The committee desire to keep elastic the program as long as possible, as the correspondence daily brings in new elements of interest and promise. It is designed to increase the Congressional elements at this session, fewer papers more rigidly limited in time and more discussion from the floor. The discussions of the Congress will group themselves under the general theme of "The Unity of the Religious Spirit; or the Unifying Forces now Working Through the Various Forces of Education, Politics, Religion," etc. The following is a tentative outline:

Monday, October 9.

Arrival, location and informal reception of delegates.

Tuesday, October 10.

3 p. m.—Business session. Appointing committees and organization of the Congress.
7:30 p. m.—Address of welcome.
Response by the President of the Congress: "What the Congress Stands For."
Congress sermon by Rev. R. Heber Newton of New York City. Subject: "The Witness of Sacred Symbolism to the Oneness of Spiritual Religion."

Wednesday, October 11.

UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

9:30 a. m.—a—The Spiritual Significance of Science.
b—The Movement of Thought Life in This Generation.
c—The Need of Historic Continuity in Times of Transition.
2:30 p. m.—Intellectual Interpretations of Faith, or the Value of Doctrine.
3:15 p. m.—The Value of Diversity of Belief.
4 p. m.—Humanity as a Spiritual Organism.
7:30 p. m.—The Fellowship of the Sects. Our Positive Affirmations. What We Care For. Ten minute discussions by representatives of different denominations.
8:45 p. m.—Summarization of the foregoing in a thirty minute address: "The Underlying Basis of Religious Unity."

Thursday, October 12.

CHURCH ORGANIZATION.

9:30 a. m.—The Ideal Church the Unifier of the Community.
a—In the Country.
b—In the City.
10:45 a. m.—Religious Forces Outside the Church; How to Foster and Develop Them.
11:15 a. m.—Specialized Forms of Church Life.
a—The Union Church.
b—The Institutional Church.
c—The Church of the Future.
2:30 p. m.—Social Effort.
a—Charity Organizations.
b—Social Settlements.
c—Education.
4 p. m.—The Future of the Congress. Business.
7:30 p. m.—Religion in Terms of Sociology.
a—Moral Reform.
b—Political Reform.
c—Industrial Reform.

Among those who have already consented to be present and give papers or addresses are Dr. W. H. Faunce, President of Brown University, Providence, R. I.; Prof. John F. Weir of Yale University, Hartford, Conn.; Rev. W. W. Ranney, Pastor of the Congregationalist Church, Hartford, Conn.; Charles Sprague Smith, Managing Director of the People's Institute, New York City; Rev. S. M. Crothers, Pastor of the Unitarian Church, Cambridge, Mass.; Dr. J. M. Pullman, Pastor of the Universalist Church, Lynn, Mass.; Rev. F. W. Rowley, Pastor of the Baptist Church, Fall River, Mass.; Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker, Ann Arbor, Mich.; Mrs. Anna Garlin Spencer, Providence, R. I.; Rev. Philip S. Moxom, Pastor of the Congregationalist Church, Springfield, Mass.; Rev. S. Leighton Williams of New York City; besides members of the Committee named below and many of the officers named above.

The Committee hope also to secure the attendance and hear from some of the delegates from abroad who will be in attendance at the International Congregational Council shortly before the meeting of the Congress. Further names will be announced later along.

Arrangements are being made for reduced rates on railroads and special terms with hotels. Full particulars later.

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UNITY

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Lombroso has been studying the relations of religion and crime. He finds young religions most ethical. "The older a church is," he says, "the more orthodox it is the more it stimulates the religious instincts at the expense of the ethical ones." Is not this rather a clumsy way of stating the truth that only real religious convictions carry an ethical import? The conventionalities of life are not necessarily religious, though they have much to do with religious institutions and church relationships.

On our title-page we give an outline program for the Boston Congress. We prefer to put it at its minimum. We are safe in assuring our readers that if it will not be just this it will be something better. It is altogether probable that reduced rates on railroads for one and one-third fare will be obtainable on all lines, though definite announcements cannot yet be made. It will greatly help in securing railroad and hotel accommodations at minimum rates if those meaning to attend will communicate with the general secretary. Let the active canvass begin.

Many of our readers will eagerly look for Dr. John B. Huber's essay on "Christian Science From a Physician's Standpoint" in the "Popular Science Monthly" for October. The scholarly physician has no finer task offered him in these days than a fair, appreciative analysis of all facts in this case, for there are facts that deserve such an analysis and the scientific man ceases to be true to science when he refuses to lend an open ear and a patient study of even alleged facts, for the honesty of the allegation, the sincerity of the witness are themselves facts of profound significance.

San Francisco spent sixty thousand dollars on its welcome-home pageant to the California boys from the Philippines. It is said that New York City is going to spend a million dollars on its Dewey parade. The autumnal festival at Chicago is to cost no one knows how much. We would not be a Gradgrind, but it is legitimate to ask how far is this investment of money in bunting and powder, in gold lace and parade justified in view of the impecunious condition of many of the instrumentalities and organizations that are related to the higher needs of the individual, the community and the state?

The bridge builders of the United States are doing more to expand its influence, extend its dominion and to change the political and ethical conditions of the old world than all our armies in the Philippines. When we read in the "Saturday Evening Post" that the Phœnix Bridge Company alone has recently received a contract from Russia for twelve bridges for the Chinese eastern railroad on its trans-Siberian road, and that they have been building bridges in Peru, Central America and Japan and are in correspondence with New Zealand and Cape Colony concerning their goods, we are studying the achievements of the real expansionists, whose work will hasten the day when democracy will not be the assumed prerogative of the western hemisphere and when the claim of Christian brotherhood will be a realized thing.

W. D. Hoard, humorously known as "the cow governor of Wisconsin," gives some startling figures in his "Dairyman" on the food values of milk and cheese. He believes that the recent rise in the price of meat should help liberate the public mind from the superstition of custom. He shows that three and a half quarts of new milk, costing seventeen and a half cents, contains an equal supply of food with three and sixteenths pounds of beef, costing in the neighborhood of fifty cents, and that a dollar's worth of cheese at present price has a food resource equal to two dollars and a half worth of beefsteak. The cow is, all things considered, the most marvelous food producer invented by man, for the modern cow of the dairyman is as much a human invention as are the shepherd dog and the greening apple, the originals of which were the wolf and the crab apple.

Among the Notes and Queries of the "Outlook" a correspondent wants to know "How one can make a man believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; that he died, was buried and rose again for the redemption of the whole world?" The inquiry is a genuine one, because "a good fellow in every sense of the word, singing in our choir, is in mind." The editor does not

seem to be able to throw much light on the subject, giving an evasive answer, but ends up with the suggestion that Dr. Momerie of London insists that an earnest purpose to live righteously is sufficient to admit one into the Anglican church. The day is not very far distant, perhaps, when some future editor of the "Outlook" will be asked what to do with a man who believes in a literal resurrection or a whole world redemption through a human incarnation. For such beliefs interfere with the great faith in the universality of law, the infinity and impartiality of God.

A. G. Jennings of Toledo is doing some good religious work in using his pulpit to advance the movement for public playgrounds in the city. He has been preaching upon the gospel of play and he is chairman of "The Children's Play Association." One playground has already been opened "between the armory and the jail." It is pathetic to read of the little children who come to the superintendent of this playground and ask, "What Sunday-school must we attend in order to play here?" This is an indirect argument for that cathedral church that will work in and through the civic life of a community for the benefit of the whole community rather than for the benefit of "our" sect and the children who go to "our" Sunday-school. Deeper than that of mammonism, perhaps more obstinate and lasting than that of militarism, is the blight of sectarianism. Let the churches quit their spiritless propaganda in the interest of their dogma and their name and go to work for the community, and something will come of it.

The indignation of the civilized world over the Dreyfus outrage is one of the hopeful signs of the times, and in the interest of justice it becomes us to remember that this indignation reached deep into the heart of France as elsewhere. There never was more need of just discrimination than here. As the development of this last trial clearly shows, Dreyfus is a victim of the military spirit, an innocent exponent of that mock "army discipline" which must maintain those in authority, when that authority is once exercised, be it right or wrong, while the cry that convicted Dreyfus for the second time was not "Vive la France" nor "Vive la Liberté" but "Vive l'Armee." Well did Carleton F. Brown in a recent sermon at Helena, Mont., say:

> "We pity poor France, for we see there from the clearer perspective which the width of the Atlantic affords, the forces which are undermining her liberty. But let Americans stop to think a moment before they sneer. There are those in Europe who see in America the same tendencies working for the overthrow of our traditional institutions."

Since the above was put into type the welcome and expected news of Dreyfus' pardon has reached us—a weak way of confessing a wrong, but one that the intelligent world will not misunderstand.

John Page Hopps is the wide-awake editor of the "Coming Day," a little monthly published in London in the interest of progressive religious ideas, but there is an inexcusable typographical blunder, if not a more serious sin, in the poem published in the September number, to which is given the title, "The Great Alternative." The first four stanzas are the beautiful poem of Professor Carruth of Kansas, first published, we believe, in the "New England Magazine" and reprinted in this and many other of the American papers. To these stanzas are added four other stanzas which are a more or less successful parody on the thought and form of the original verses. The whole poem is signed by W. Carey. Perhaps W. Carey meant only to claim credit for the closing stanzas. If so, he is to be exonerated. In any case, we do not propose that our American poet and professor of the University of Kansas shall be robbed of his work, which he entitled "Each in His Own Tongue," and which begins:

> "A fire mist and a planet,
> A crystal and a cell," etc., etc.

Robert C. Ogden, the executive inside man of the John Wanamaker establishment in Philadelphia, tells in the "Saturday Evening Post" of September 9, "Why Young Men Fail." In his article occurs this sentence: "The crying curse of our land at the present time is its vast army of incompetents. * * * There are too many young men who will not step beyond the beaten path to acquire thoroughness." Then follows a picture of the average young man seeking a position with a letter of introduction, usually "from some well-meaning pastor" (Alas, how many such letters are pastors responsible for!). Young men of intellect and accomplishments, but of no special efficiency; where is the fault? Are there too many schools? Have the churches no responsibility here? Where is moral enthusiasm to be generated and executive intensity to be developed? The colleges that graduate students blasé to the enthusiasms of life, and churches that fail to put iron in the blood, belong to the incumbrances of society. The world would be better off if they were not.

Another horrible labor riot in Illinois. Union miners at Cartersville have killed four or more imported negro laborers. State troops are ordered out. As usual, the military comes in after the violence is perpetrated. Deeper than the labor problem is here found the race problem. The old curse of aristocracy, that banks on the prejudices of the past and assumes certain prerogatives of blood. It is the Illinois end of the Georgia lynching and the French Dreyfus outrage. There is no remedy except the acceptance of the full logic of democracy, based on the equal rights of all men and the conclusion that one man is just as good as another, when he behaves himself as well. We are so crowded on this earth that we must respect one another and play fair or somebody, aye, everybody, gets hurt.

No public man of late years has been more applauded, criticised, characterized and caricatured, admired and ridiculed than T. B. Reed of Maine. No one is yet in a position to estimate his final place in the history of the United States, but his last word on retiring from his own first district in Maine is one which goes far toward securing him a permanent place in the admiration of his fellows and still further toward giving to himself the peace of mind that passeth understanding. He says in this farewell word: "Both republicans and democrates know that I have never trimmed a sail to catch the passing breeze or ever

flown a doubtful flag." Such men are troublesome to their day and generation, but they are a balm and a benediction, a light and strength to the generation that follows them.

As might be expected, the Rev. Clay McCaulay, the Unitarian missionary to Japan, has been taken much to task in some quarters for his interpretation of the Philippine situation and which has been widely circulated in this country, in his pamphlet on Manila. In a letter to the "Boston Transcript," written at Tokio under date of August 10, he goes carefully over the ground again, disclaiming any intention to force his opinion either upon General Otis or Admiral Dewey, but he repeats that Admiral Dewey said to him in January last: "Rather than make a war of conquest on this people I would up anchor and sail out of the harbor." Mr. McCaulay says also: "General Otis, so far as I could understand him, was not an annexationist in January last, either by means of force or by peaceful means." This column letter well ends as follows:

> I wish that with this letter I might leave discussion of the Philippines question wholly, I have done what I could in my remote place to save our country from dishonor and the greater dangers that lie in the future. It is with no pleasure, let friends be assured, that I have told the story of my experiences in January last. My hope has always been, however, that with the disclosure of the facts to which many have borne witness, the American conscience would compel our government to do the right. But my hope is long deferred, and now I look at the headlong movement of our people knowing that I am powerless and wondering where and how the end will come.

The Trust Conference held in Chicago last week is to be put down as one of the most significant civic events of the year. It reflects great credit upon the civic federation of Chicago for the bold conception and the efficient execution of the plan. It also reflects great credit upon the speakers, all of them men of note, most of them men of special training, experts in their respective lines. They spoke frankly, earnestly and with a dignity that commanded courteous respect from the audience, from the public and from each other, however widely they might differ. It was also an occasion of great hopefulness. To recognize the situation, to honestly face the perplexity, is in this case more than half the battle. Only a careful reading of the published proceedings in the authorized pamphlet form, which is forthcoming, will justify an analysis or warrant an estimate, but at this near distance we are safe in affirming: 1. That the trust problem is preeminently the economic problem of to-day. 2. That it must engage in the immediate future the attention of legislators; that it cannot be kept out of politics. It is inevitably one of the issues in the coming presidential campaign. 3. That in some form or another it must come under state and national control and direction. 4. That all are agreed that illegitimate inflation of stock, expansion of values, is one element in the growth of trusts at the present time and that this element is now and always will be simply a crime and violation of the laws of honesty and a sin against the public. 5. All are further agreed that absolute publicity of the books and financial methods of the trust is one of the first safeguards against these frauds. 6. That the principle of combination is economically correct and that is the result of general evolution of life and knowledge, hence in some way or another combination not competition is "to be the industrial and economic law of the future." 7. That only in so far as combinations advance the general interests of the community and exhilarate the industrial life of the world can they be tolerated. In short, all the speakers assumed the truth of Emerson's dictum that "that cannot be good for the bee that is not good for the hive;" in other words, that the interests of the individual must be made subservient to the interests of the whole. These are but preliminary and general affirmations, but even these go a great ways toward clearing the horizon.

The Sunday-School.

A SUGGESTION.

A letter just received from the pastor of one of the successful independent churches in the West, a church where the Sunday-school is a large and important factor, says: "If you could only add a Sunday-school department giving us practical helps not only as to method but as to the matter of teaching such as could be put into the hands of the teachers, it would be a great service to us, and largely enhance the value of UNITY." This appeal comes with great force to the editors of UNITY. It is a most legitimate request and calls for help of a kind still scarce. Not but that there are lesson papers and "Sunday-school Helps," so-called, of endless variety, but still they leave the Sunday-school problem for the progressive church, anxious to teach the children to think for themselves, to bring the instruction in line with the latest scholarship and the broadest sympathy, unsolved. The conventional lesson leaf of the International Sunday-school Series type, with the lesson reduced to the cold type, crowded into a piece of paper the size of a man's hand, to be placed in the hands of the child and the teacher, serves the very worst method of pedagogy, whatever may be said of the theology and the scholarship involved. Such lesson papers dealing with the Biblical themes and appealing to Biblical sanctions, offer the greatest indignity to the Bible and are sure to bring to the child in the long run a distaste for them if not a recoil from them. It is the scandal of the protestant churches that the Sunday-school is the last place to feel either the new method or the new thought; churches that in the pulpit deal with live questions in a live way, where the minister gives more or less clearly to his audience the result of modern scholarship and the new life that springs therefrom, in the Sunday-school room deal contentedly with the threadbare "schemes and dogmas," unrelieved by the new life and unilluminated by the profound belief of teacher, superintendent, pastor or parent. And children who in the day school receive the benefit of trained teachers using methods approved by the latest pedagogy, in the Sunday-school submit to the untrained, but slightly enlightened, well-meaning but unskilled handling of so-called "teachers" who themselves have never been taught, and with the one exception of the good inten-

tion, have few qualifications for teaching. No wonder that as a result our Sunday-schools should become training schools of a certain kind of practical skepticism and a faithless recoil from church and all organized expression of religion, from which the child escapes at as early an age as possible, and to which he returns only after a long and painful wandering through the realms of the unchurched. Scholarship that has necessitated the rewriting of Bible commentaries, antiquated the existing Bible dictionaries, that is, reconstructing the curriculum of the theological schools, that has made the names of Kuenan, Driver, Cheyne, Toy and Cornill, first the dread and then the necessity of the pulpit, demands a new Sunday-school or else the abandonment of the school altogether.

That this demand is being felt in many churches and that many are groping for the right answer to the demand, is one of the hopeful signs of the times. Bible studies on week days, co-operative classes in Hebrew literature, mothers' classes in morals and religion, are appearing here and there throughout our country. Let one illustration suffice. A recent number of the "Outlook" gives an interesting outline of the work done in Dr. Moxom's Bible class in the Congregational Church at Springfield, Mass. A careful analytic study of the Book of Genesis is undertaken. Special attention will be given to the creation stories in other nations, reaching from the Chaldean to the American. The myths of the fall, deluge, etc., will be studied by comparison and contrast with Greek and other myths. The topics systematically arranged are farmed out to different members of the class, with special references ranging through the best authorities. The notice says: "The attitude of mind will be that of a reverent criticism, but entirely fearless in its treatment of this portion of the Hebrew scriptures, while at the same time confident that it is not without great spiritual value."

One conclusion of the whole matter is that the reform must reach further than a reform of the lesson paper. No teacher can find adequate help in such brief space as the conditions enforce. There must be special study back of any special lesson help. Another conclusion is that but few of the teachers available for Sunday-school work can prepare themselves for this work. If they have the time they have not the books, and many of them, given time and books, have not the necessary previous preparation in the way of mental discipline and special study that will enable them to discover the heart of the matter or to wisely establish the perspective and to discriminate between the essential and non-essential. There must be co-operative study led by one whose previous studies have given the necessary preparation. In short, the teacher of the Sunday-school, like the teacher of the day school, has a right to normal training and the child demands at our hands the results of academic study when we teach him morals and religion as much, to say the least, as when we teach him botany and geology. Hugh Miller and Hitchcock were once authorities in geology, but they are no more used in the class room, though still respected and loved.

Is there then no way by which UNITY can meet the reasonable request of the many workers of whom the correspondent referred to above is a type? The senior editor of this paper began his publishing career in making "Sunday-school Helps." The little monthly leaflet, "The Sunday-School," he established in Janesville, Wis., in 1872. In one way or another he has been in the work ever since. To him a teachers' meeting, led by the minister, a general topic though not a uniform lesson in the Sunday-school, a general exercise by the minister, guiding and enforcing the instruction of the teacher, are indispensable elements in his Sunday-school work. The scheme for Bible work in All Souls Church, Chicago, this year, which will cover the studies of three and perhaps four different weekly gatherings, will seek to illumine with some intelligence the neglected chasm between the Old and New Testaments. It will be an attempt to show how vital is that heroic period in Jewish life and literature misrepresented by the blank leaf between the Old and New Testament. It will cover the study of the Hebrew literature during the Greek and Roman overshadowings, beginning, perhaps, with Daniel and continuing down into New Testament times. The schedule of topics with reference books will be published. The topic will be discussed first at the mothers' meeting and teachers' normal class on Tuesday, and then repeated to the other classes, the Sunday-school, the Pastor's Bible Class, etc. If such an arrangement could be of use to any considerable number of Sunday-school workers, the necessary additional work, which is not slight for busy hands, might be undertaken. Mr. Jones' remarks at the Tuesday meeting could be stenographically reported and submitted for editing by one who will add thereto some notes of the general lesson, the class work, memory texts, etc., developed on the Sunday following. These Sunday-school notes would form from one to two columns of the UNITY issue on the Thursday following. The series being numbered, not dated, would be available for the teachers' meeting or other studies during the week following, and be given to the Sunday-schools two Sundays later or as suits the convenience of the school any time after that. Before we undertake this additional gratuitous labor we would need the assurance that at least a very few schools will try the experiment, with the previous understanding that the helps will not be helpful except when followed by individual and co-operative study in the parish and when reinforced by such printed helps as are available, references to which will be an object of continuous attention on the part of the editor of these notes.

This is our suggestion. The experiment will depend on the encouragement we receive. To any church or Sunday-school that desires to undertake it we will send UNITY in clubs of ten or more at the rate of one dollar per annum each, and if five hundred slips would be subscribed for we would have the Sunday-school department struck off for minimum cost, to be ascertained hereafter. The series could be begun in such a way so that the schools could begin the course no later than the first of November. Better not begin without deliberation and careful preparation, and announcement in the parish. We await further light from our readers.

Correspondence.

From the Land of the Midnight Sun.

(Extract from a Private Letter.)

We have sailed on almost every important fjord of Norway and have driven in carts and carriages and climbed and walked, altogether more than three hundred miles. Mrs. H— has come through it splendidly. You should have seen her the day we were turned out of our little, ugly cart and forced to walk up and down one of the steepest traveled hills in Norway, six or seven miles in all. She finished the climb as fresh as you please, laughing and flushed and rosy, looking for all the world only just sixteen.

It is midday at this northermost town of the world. There is a quiet leisure in the street before me that would indicate opulence if it were not that the houses are ugly and brown and often broken-windowed, and if the few strollers were not shabby and half dressed. The "King Harold" is steaming at the dock, ready for the continuation of its voyage to the North Cape, and nearly all the Hammerfest public is enjoying the sight from the dock and listening to the strains of its Norwegian orchestra, which is by no means unworthy its office. I, too, am watching for its departure from a rude balcony on the street above the docks. From my perch I see plenty of sights to amuse and interest me. Six little girls sit knitting diligently on the steps of the unkept brown house just opposite. They are neatly dressed and shod and their locks are braided and tied carefully away from their faces. Out of the house come two women bearing a large wooden tray, in which may be baking or washing; I cannot tell which, for a pink cloth covers it all. One of the two places the load on a yellowish-brown wheelbarrow, harmonizing with the house in color and design, and trundles away, while her colleague chats cozily at the door with the industrious little knitting maidens. Another woman, white-kerchiefed as to her head, wheeling the barrow's mate, meets the enterprising baker or washer woman, and they exchange stolid greetings.

Now there are some new arrivals at the hotel, and a herd of boys, the only baggage carriers here in Hammerfest, troop up the stairs with bags and bundles, also brown. Everywhere brownish yellow or yellowish brown, in the piers, in the warehouses, the village dwellings, in the beards of the men and the braids of the women and girls. The roofs are brown tiled, gray slated or green with the sod and turf that tops off the birch bark of which they are constructed. With all the lavish furnishings of beautiful gray rock, which lies ready for their hand or their blasting, why will these people stickle so stoutly for building with wood, of which nature has been so niggardly? They have a little "wood" or grove—"Greenwood" they call it—on the side of the mountain, a collection of perhaps forty stunted birches, and pathetic little placards on the mountain path leading thither call upon the pleasuring public to protect the green and not carry off its leaves and branches. There in its meager shade a real Yankee picnic was going on last night at twelve o'clock and a fire blazed on a huge rock near by, where coffee and I know not what else were boiling. There must have been over a hundred frolickers on the mountain, feasting and drinking, while the midnight sun was casting its level shadows on the beautiful purple rocks just above their heads.

I wonder if the dreary stretch of darkness in the winter may not account in part for the unfaltering patience and stolidity of the Norwegian peasant life. These people are most unenterprising. Have their unequally divided seasons taught them that even enterprise may not oppose the stars in their courses? They are very obedient to the strong wills and wonts of their Anglo-Saxon visitors. The other day when I protested against riding in a rickety cart, and said: "I will not have that cart; give me another one," there was a moment of blank stare, to see if I was really in earnest, and then the man fell to obediently and hitched his horse to another that I had pointed out. His superior coming to the front, wanted to know why, and the man said, simply, "She has demandid it"—and the deed was done.

I have called them unenterprising, and so they are, Yet one sees that they learn by experience. Nine years ago this very day half of the town of Hammerfest was destroyed by fire. Now an efficient water supply from an artesian well insures at least a good, brave fight against the fire-fiend; but why must they rebuild with wood? They learn slowly, even by experience.

A Roman Catholic church that was out of the flames' reach and so antedates the fire by a number of years, has been joined by a more ambitious but not more churchly edifice of the Lutheran faith, and a little Baptist chapel modestly brings up the rear in the provision for the spiritual culture of the people. A little fountain, thanks to the waterworks, plays in the public square, and a "bandstand" shows that the esthetics have a place here alongside of religion. Some of the best houses are pretty villas, detached and blessed with a little garden, but most of the people, even the well-to-do, live in the second story of business houses, set down close together in city rows.

And now I find that my little neighbors, the knitters, have finished their tasks and taken up other work or play. One of them is nursing a big baby in a brown dress and one is playing jackstones. One little newcomer has a tiny kid in her arms in lieu of a baby, while the goat mother walks by her side. A woman is coming toward me up the street with a wooden yoke on her shoulders, carrying two pails of water. The women and boys seem to do all the carrying here, and the little girls take care of the babies. The men, as in other fishing communities, are either off at sea or lounging at the wharf. I have seen only two horses in town in the two days I have been here, and no cows, but have noticed several lazy herds of goats feeding on the scarce pasturage of the rocky mountainside, and still there is excellent milk on our hotel table and excellent fare of all kinds. We do not feed on fish exclusively, yet there is always fish on the table, fish dried and smoked, salmon cold or hot. Dinner has its three or four courses and coffee is served on the balcony afterward. Prices are not dear. Even the curios are not so costly as elsewhere, and the substantial Norwegian needlework may be bought here more reasonably than in the South. The visitors are not so numerous or the selling chances so plenty that they can afford to overcharge. Only commercial travelers come here after September, and they come to sell, not to buy. This is a good outfitting center, I am told, for more northern latitudes, and there are steamship lines that keep the town in touch with all the Arctic world.

Last night was a glorious one for the midnight sun. There was not a cloud on the sky line. I walked a mile or more to a point opposite the town, where fish curing is done on a huge scale, and endured the awful smells for a half hour, watching the glorious sun in its glowing splendor, then hired a boy to row me back across the almost equally effulgent bay. All this was near midnight. Never have I seen such glory and repose as in this midnight land-and-sea-scape; the blue of the mountain lakes back of the fjord, the splendor of the far hills flecked with snow, the opaline depths of fire and softness in the sky margin, ripening into the untroubled blue of the zenith, and all as serene as if it were not the one holiday of the far North—nature's kindly recompense for its long night of silent, patient waiting.

M. B. W.

Hammerfest, July 21, 1899.

Good Poetry.

Twilight.

September's slender crescent grows again
  Distinct in yonder peaceful evening red.
  Clearer the stars are sparkling overhead,
And all the sky is pure, without a stain.

Cool blows the evening wind from out the west,
  And bows the flowers, the last sweet flowers that bloom,
  Pale asters, many a heavy waving plume
Of golden-rod, that bends as if, oppresst.
The summer's songs are hushed. Up the lone shore
  The weary waves wash sadly, and a grief
  Sounds the wind, like farewells fond and brief.
The crickets chirp but makes the silence more.
Life's autumn comes; the leaves begin to fall;
  The woods of spring and summer pass away;
  The glory and the rapture, day by day,
Depart, and soon the quiet grave folds all.

O thoughtful sky, how many eyes in vain
  Are lifted to your beauty, full of tears!
  How many hearts go back through all the years,
Heavy with loss, eager with questioning pain.
To read the dim hereafter,—to obtain
  One glimpse beyond the earthly curtain, where
  Their dearest dwell, where they may be or e'er
September's slender crescent shines again!

—*Celia Thaxter.*

Hymn to the Night.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
  Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
  From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
  Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
  As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
  The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night;
  Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
  My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
  From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to hear
  What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
  And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
  Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
  The best-beloved Night!

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

"My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas,
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering haven at last.

"Then whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so:
And blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best."

—*Caroline Mason.*

The Pulpit.

Voices of the Night.

An After-Vacation Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Preached in All Souls Church, Chicago, September 17, 1899.

"'Tis night: I sit alone among the hills,
There is no sound, save the sleepless river,
Whose voice comes faintly from the depths below
Through the thick darkness, or the somber pines,
That slumber, murmuring sometimes in their dreams.

* * * *

There rose an owl's cry, from the woods below,
Like a lost spirit's.—Now, all's still again—
'Tis most fearful to sit here alone
And feel the deathly silence and the dark.
I will arise and shout, and hear at least
My own voice answer.—Not an echo even!
I wish I had not uttered that wild cry;
It broke with such a shock upon the air,
Whose leaden silence closed up after it,
And seemed to clap together at my ears.
The black depths of these muffled woods are thronged
With shapes that wait some signal to swoop out,
And swirl around and madden me with fear.

So wrote Edward R. Sill in his beautiful poem, "The Hermitage," but I accept his own modification of these lines further on, and say with him, I will not fear aught found at

"The sanctuary of the night
With its solemnities."

When one goes to bed at nine o'clock and knows that the morning is to bring him no early engagement or special hurry he can afford to lie awake and listen to the "voices of the night," particularly if his bed lay, as mine has for the last two months, on the bosom of the hill, mantled with green leaves, fanned by swaying boughs, and, when light is, looking out upon the unwindowed hills that rim the flowing river. My bed was made for the daylight; perched on high stilts, it gives to the lazy lounger a bewitching landscape of trees and waters draped in near vines that do not conceal the distant bridge over which trickle leisurely drops of human life, as raindrops slip down a vine.

The common after vacation question is, "What have you seen?" or, perchance, "What have you read?" This time I ignore these questions and will try to report enough of what I have heard to make an after vacation sermon out of it. Certainly one of the gateways into the citadel of thought and feeling is the ear, and, as I shall try to prove later along, sound is the more profound interpreter of nature. Sound perchance appeals more mightily to soul than sight, at least they often are rivals in the interest and respect of the soul. The noise distracts the eye and the eye too often silences the sounds and color dims the harmony. It is a question whether the opera's double appeal to eye and ear does not detract something from the power of the music. Certain it is that the true musician shields his eyes and trusts his ear. Some of the sweetest bird songsters sing best in captivity, when the cage is draped and in their freedom they pour out their noblest notes in the shadows or in the dark.

Be this as it may, my first confident declaration is that in the country the night is full of voices, the day is silent compared with the countless notes of the dark. I speak not now of any spiritual voices or inner harmonies. I speak of the agitations of the air that strike the drum of the ear with sound pictures, vocalized life. To lie awake in happy health in the midnight darkness of a moonless night on Tower Hill is to find yourself the uninvited guest at a great symphony concert, given

by countless unknown performers, applying themselves with true artistic abandon to their unknown instruments of melody. Only a musician deeply versed in the science of sound and harmony, one skilled in the use of the technical terms of his profession, need try to describe this midnight concert of katydids, locust, tree toad and bull-frogs, whose music is punctuated by the harsh shriek of the swamp bird, the weird hoot of the owl and the mocking laugh of the raccoon. In the night, the cicada that during the daytime were removed beyond the reach of eye or ear, broke out with high falsetto voices in the vines that shaded my door. They were in the grass, before, behind, everywhere. The thirsty tree toad that had crawled into the shade and perched himself upon the faucet of the hydrant, sang out in fearless ecstacy, trumpeted his gladness over moisture found, or clamored his prophetic prayer for the rain that was belated. When sufficiently protected behind a wire barricade one's fear is lost in admiration of the wonderful musical powers even of the mosquitoes, though to their victims they sound like the boisterous clamor of some entomological board of trade. But when their benignant part in the humble cycle of life is understood, their fiendish clamor for blood is more easily justified than that of some other blood-suckers higher up the scale.

Lying on my bed at midnight, in the open ear of Westhope, I heard the blue racer draw its stealthy snake lengths across the leaves; the muskrat make his plunge; the groundhog with its padded feet was not afraid to pass in front of my door and the whole length of my sidewalk; the turtle vigorously picked the lower strings of his bass viol; field mice squeaked to one another and numberless other things of life on wing and on foot, reptiles, insects and birds, reveled in the darkness; they lived in the night; they sang when the human world was asleep.

The fringe of light that bounds this darkness of the later evening and the earlier morning starts the most pathetic and most peculiar note of an American bird, the whip-poor-will. At eight in the evening all summer through he sounded his reveille to awake the battalions of the night; at three in the morning he sounded his tattoo, summoning the wakeful host of night to their sleep. All this chorus of animated nature was borne in on me with the orchestral accompaniment of a thousand eolian harps made from responsive leaves, the rustling 'mid the oak boughs and the soughing in the pine tops, and now even the silent river murmurs and whispers and the very stars, if they venture out, seem vocal and the old Greek dream of a "music of the spheres" is almost realized.

But my powers of description fail. Let me try my hand at preaching. The first lesson that the night voices teach is the abundance of life, the superabundant energy of the universe, the splendid deposit of organized energy of nerve power that besets us everywhere. In the night there comes to the listening ear of man audible corroboration of what science tells us that earth, air and water are loaded with life, organic life, living beings, aye, loving beings, for the sweetest song of grasshopper, as of man, is a love song. The owl hoots his wooing to his lady love and the frogs croak their serenades. In the night the listening ear realizes the literal truth of Lowell's line that says "There's never a leaf nor a blade too mean to be some happy creature's palace." And the mighty locust army that inspired the grim lines of the old prophet Joel is in some modified form with us ever in summer time:

> "Like a mighty host set in battle array
> They run like mighty men all around us."

In autumn the trained ear at midnight catches from the upper air certain notes ranging from an uncanny scream to a startling click, and it knows that these are the migratory calls of the bird armies that have set themselves south. They move like ghostly battalions through the quiet of the night, some of them rising to an altitude of from one to three miles, and they probably find their way and keep together by virtue of these signal calls of the leaders, the pilots of the upper seas. There is nothing in the whole story of animate nature more mystic, surprising, marvelous, than these great tides of bird life that twice every year sweep over our country, southward in autumn and northward in spring, and perhaps most of this shy singing army passes in the night. It is another suggestion of the sublime, I might almost say awful, fecundity of nature. Life cannot be put out.

First, then, let the sick or the despondent lie awake in the night on mountain top, on the breast of the hill, in the cradle of the valley, anywhere where nature is, and find the indisputable truth that nature is alive, that it is doing something, that life and not death is the law, aye, and that joy and not sorrow is the dominant strain. The fly's buzz, the bee's hum, the locust's chirp, the bird's call, all testify to the joy of living, that there is a splendid margin of life to be put down on the credit side of the page. Life is a plus quantity; there is a surplus of energy everywhere.

A second lesson taught by the voices of the night is that most if not all of this life is independent of man. It came without his assistance, it stays without his consent and oftentimes in defiance to his will and apparently antagonistic to his interests. Man has had a hard task in trying to dehumanize his God, to learn that the power that called the universe into being, orders its forces and shapes its creations, is not some infinite projection of man. He is now having a hard time of it in trying to learn what the voices of the night teach so impressively—that the universe is not run for his benefit, that however important to himself he may be, he is but a link in the endless chain of being, one, albeit the best and highest form of being, one species in the splendid kingdom. The time was when these choruses of the night represented the highest dignitaries of earth, when the cicada were the knights and the bumble bees were the kings of earth's battalions. Man is a creature of daylight and it is well, but he must learn that he holds no monopoly of nature; that he must fall in with the procession or he will get run over; he must move on or be left behind, conform or be crushed.

As I listened to the voices of the night the rhythm would be occasionally disturbed by the tinkling of a cow bell, the lonely call of some heifer that had lost her way or had been shut out of the night pasture, and our dog Sambo, over vigilant for his human charge, would disturb the life he guarded by barking at the enemy that never appeared, if, indeed, his over-developed nerves did not relieve themselves by literally baying at the moon. But all these voices were intruders; they did not belong to the night; they were not necessary to it and with all their significance they were insignificant factors in the mystic procession of being, whose existence was only witnessed by the listening ear. The voices of the night make of this rolling earth but a little ball swinging in its little orbit in an out-of-the-way corner of the astronomic infinity. And the life of man, measured by its whole diameter, from the stone hatchet to the McCormick reaper, from cromlech to cathedral, from the bivouac in the limbs of the trees to the turreted city, is but an incident in the great procession of life, a fragment of the great history, one scene, though it be the latest in the drama of life. Prostrate and passive is the fitting attitude of man as he listens to the voices of the night, for he cannot stay the stream or span this river of life. He may ride upon its bosom; he may somewhat direct his course in the channel, but he cannot escape from its current or deflect it from its course. The voices of the night teach man humility, call upon him to worship rather than to complain, to accept rather than to

resist, to use rather than to abuse the splendid power, the source and end of which are beyond his measure, in which he finds his origin and destiny.

Day has no glories and sunlight no restoration to the overworked city dweller that is comparable to the sublimity of the night. The restoration of the dark which the country affords to him in the vacation days is more valuable to him physically and spiritually than the delights of the daylight. When next the play time releases your feet from the fetters of business and the daily task that brings bread and shelter, do not neglect the "sanctuary of the night" that offers to you sublimities greater than that of mountains and speaks to you in tones more orchestral than is ever within the reach of organ and viol, a chorus more numerous, more penetrating, more varied than any marshaled by a choir master of a human chorus.

All this while I have been talking about the actual voices of the night, the physical sounds of nature, the embodied energy, the mystery and meaning rooted in biology, and I probably would do well if I remained within this field, for to change all this reality into symbolism and to try to make a parable out of science in order to reach some higher realm we call the spiritual, is a dangerous undertaking. Too long has the religious world rejoiced in metaphor more than in fact. Too long have we identified prophecy with the exceptional rhapsody rather than with the universal experience of man. The spirituality most needed to-day is that which reads the lessons of the spirit in, not through, the facts of matter. The oak, the pine and the elm are trees of life. The Rock, the Fox and the Wisconsin rivers are rivers of life flowing from under the throne of God, and there is peace, and after that power in the song of the cricket. There is pity and pathos, sympathy and fellowship in the call of the whip-poor-will, the cry of the owl and the laughing response of the raccoon. All these serve to interpret our own lives and it is the mission of intellect and the part of spirit to ally them to the laughter of the child, the crooning of the mother and the duty calls in the heart of brave and loving men and women.

But the human soul is a poet and the mind of man unclouded cannot help crossing with a bound that narrow, indefinable chasm that lies between the material and the spiritual. Ever and anon as I lay listening to my midnight chorus, my ears lost the whole gamut of the Batrachian chorus, reaching from the shrill tenor of the tree toad to the deep bass of the bullfrog, not because they had ceased their choiring, but because another music had claimed my attention. Their voices were overlaid and silenced by the louder voices that took possession of the inward ear, which alone receives the notes of the outward ear, the voices of memory that spoke of childhood haunts, loves and longings, the voices of memory that sounded again the chords of a mother's love, that called up the voice of a father vocalized in prayer, hymn and benediction. In the night manhood hears again the motherly lullaby that once soothed him to sleep. In the night the heart is swayed again by the voices that long since have been silenced. In the night, the man of the world, hardened and sharpened by business, blunted by disappointments, made "wise" by the competitions and the conflicts of trade, and, if you will, the petty successes springing thereform, hears again the old "foolish" voices that called him to generous deeds, that lured him to high fields of action, to sweet fellowships and splendid service. In the night the voices of prudence that interpret and enforce the practices of trade which seem so commanding in the daylight, are silenced by the low, sweet music of humanity that sings the songs of disinterestedness and chants the anthems of duty. In the night we hear the psalmody of humanity that make us believe once more in the dreams of youth, make us feel once more the sweet seductions of love, and make us believe once more in the dollar of the Almighty more than in the almighty dollar. In the night even the clock that during the day ticks out the moments of human hurry, tells the time of the arrival of mails, the closing of banks, the departure of trains and the time when dinner is ready, ticks off the seconds of human life and moves the hands of the dial of eternity. "Tick-tock," a babe is born. Peace wrestles with anxiety in father and mother heart. "Tick-tock," and the babe learns to lisp "mamma," "papa," and pride glows in parental faces. "Tick-tock," and the child toddles off to school. "Tick-tock," the "a" "b" "abs" are passed. "Tick-tock," the multiplication table is conquered. "Tick-tock," the high school reached. "Tick-tock," university doors lure. "Tick-tock," college honors; "tick-tock," marriage bells; "tick-tock," business, home; "tick-tock," another babe is born. "Tick-tock," the hairs are gray, the limbs are palsied and the round of life is complete. Thus in the night is the kitchen clock transformed into the measurer of the spirit, the time-piece of the soul, the interpreter of eternity.

Yes, the voices of the night are in their very nature the most potent of spiritual forces, sent, if we will, to temper life with patience, to enlarge the mind with long, long thoughts, to mellow the heart with broad, broad sympathies; in short, to interpret life nobly. They are such for two reasons:

1. Because they are voices. The ear is more spiritual than the eye. The voice reaches profounds in the human soul that color cannot. Man has everywhere held that the ultimate revelation was to the ear. The prophets of all ages have heard "the voice of the Lord." The disclosures of Sinai, whatever they were (and you may be sure they were more and not less than the record makes them), began in the blazing bush which appealed to the eye, but it ended in the speaking voice that through the ear reached the throne of God in the heart of man and said, "Take off thy shoes, for where thou standest is holy ground."

Blessed is the gateway of light that puts the soul into the world of space and color, but more blessed is the gateway of sound that puts the soul into the world of harmony, of thought and of feeling, for through this gateway do we best find our relationship with the most real, permanent, as it is the latest expression of power in this unfolding universe that we know anything about, the realities of the human soul, the emotions of the human heart. It is a great deprivation to be blind, for thereby is the world shut out, but it is a greater calamity to be deaf, for thereby is the soul shut in. Take from me the beauty and the attendant joy of outward nature, revealed in form and color, if you must, only leave to me the melody of the human voice, the merriment of children's laughter, the solicitude of woman and the strength of man as vocalized in tone; aye, the melody of nature, the symphony of wind and thunder, for they best suggest the timeless things, they carry me nearest to the throne of the invisible heart of the eternal; teach me best my kinship with all sentient things, my relationship to all that is. The voices of the night are spiritual, because they are voices.

2. In the second place they are such because they speak in the night, and darkness is more revealing than daylight. Desperate indeed is the criminal who wreaks his violence in the dark. His sins are such as are born out of fundamental disturbances, great trouble, far-reaching demoralization, awful provocations, and to the all-seeing eye, who knows how far these extenuating circumstances may go toward pardon and restoration. Heaven be thanked, the deeds of wrong done in the dark are comparatively few, and they may be catalogued, in a measure counteracted. The dark is itself a spiritual restriction. It is the policeman of God that cries "Hold," and with his assistant, Fear, often

brings prompt check. But the deeds of wrong done in the daylight, the meanness encouraged by sharp vision, the cute overreachings, the smart practices, the ingenious "successes," the petty triumphs of the daylight, these are the hardest to bear and the slowest to remedy. The night soothes the feverish pulse which the day excites. It is the night that brings the sleep that smoothes out the wrinkles which care has written on the brow. In the night the man whose hands are red with human blood lapses into innocence and his lips are molded into baby sweetness. It is the night that interprets life largely. The meannesses and the selfishnesses which in the daytime are so pert and debonair, in the night seem so small, ignoble and unholy.

The darkness is revealing not only through the eye, giving us the vision of the stars, but through the ear, which reveals to us our finiteness, touches us with humility. The very fear that overtakes us in the dark is but a confession of our weakness and we realize how small we are; indeed, our fear is justified only from within, for

"The shapes that seem to wait the signal to swoop
Out of the black depths of the muffled woods,"

as the poet tells us, are phantoms of our own weak minds as the daylight of the morrow will prove. Instead of being full of terrors, the night is the guardian of the little children of God. The small creatures of nature dare sing out in the dark, and go forth to find their food and to round the meager circle of their lives.

It is an old analogy that has kindled the mind of sage, and poet, prophet and philosopher in all times, that sees in the darkness that ends the day a suggestion of the night that ends life. Knowing that we pierce one dread only to emerge again into the light beyond, may we not believe that the other night which we enter is a curtain let fall between the acts, to rise again on new scenes and for new action?

This, then, is my word of introduction to another year's work. Beyond the light of the "garish day," in the dim twilight of the unrealized, in the darkness of the unknown, do we find our highest sanction to effort, our deepest justification of hope. In the darkness faith broods and nourishes the strength that dares believe in the unattained and work for what in the light of day seems unattainable. We come back to our tasks. Of these I will speak at another time. Let to-day be given to such exchange of greetings as become those who are new girded to their work. In the lull of outward activities, in the suspension of what we call "our work," we have learned with the old Hebrew poet, that "we are but as grasshoppers," the cicada of a day. But let us sing our song bravely, do the task that belongs to the day and live the life that becomes the children of a day. Let us be assured that

"There lies some low, mean work for us to do."

Let us do it and be ashamed to ask for "life's crown when we have flung down its sword." Ignorance, weakness, sickness, sin, death—what are they but the darkness that proves that we have swung away from the sun, that we are in the shadow and though the intervening object be the whole round earth, it is a shadow, a fleeting shadow, and it will pass, and the sun will shine again. Thus it is that out of ignorance we must swing into knowledge, out of weakness into strength, out of wickedness into virtue, out of death into life. Mortality will be dissipated on the shores of eternity, the transient give way to the permanent. The finite belongs to the infinite and God will claim His own in His own good time, in His own high way.

When all thy soul with city dust is dry
Seek some green spot where a brook tinkles by;
But, if thy lot deny thee nook and brook,
Turn to green thoughts in a fresh leafy book.

—*Frederick Langbridge.*

The Study Table.

An American Publishing House.*

By the above caption I mean to designate a publishing house quite recently organized, that is distinctively American in motive and achievement, and so to bring more clearly before the public a company of bookmakers who deserve well at the hands of western readers. Small, Maynard & Co.—the "Co." standing, I believe for Bliss Carman and Isaac Hull Platt—while looking to the West for materials, have established their house in the East, simply on account of the better facilities afforded there; and, having to choose between two publishing centers, selected Boston as more a part of the real United States than New York, which is so Europanized in tone. This choice is significant, remembering Henry Chapman's comment in his "Belated Feudalism," that up to this time the chief obstacle to the growth of a clear-cut American conception of life was the New England author (and publisher), who exercised a sort of intellectual protectorate over the rest of the country and kept America a dependency of Europe. It was long before the New England writers ceased to sing of skylarks and primroses and other birds and flowers not found outside of English books, and became themselves observers of native objects and producers of native literature. The work of this publishing house is one of many signs that indicate a change in the attitude of the East to the West, and also marks the development in all parts of America of an original literature that receives recognition everywhere for its sincerity and strength.

This firm inaugurated its publishing business in 1897 by the issue of the complete works of Walt Whitman. This was their announcement to the world of their conviction that "Leaves of Grass" was the great American book and that a publishing house which should realize the meaning of America, believe in American authors, and favor its young men of letters might, as one of the company expressed it, "make money and have the fun of doing something worth while." And it will be found that all the works of this house continue along the lines of this beginning, and their authors, one and all, from Mrs. Stetson to Mr. Dunne, feel about Whitman much as the publishers do.

The firm next gave welcome to Charlotte Perkin Stetson, who represents the modern and American woman, as Whitman stands for the modern man. They published her poems, "In This Our World," strongly satirical and scientific, her "Women and Economics," a most sober yet radical arraignment of the current orthodoxies respecting women, and "The Yellow Wall Paper," a pathological account of a woman's development into insanity, a rather gruesome tale. With "The Dooley Book" the Whitman firm made the literary success of the past season, a success in the deepest sense, such as has not been known among us since Lowell's "Biglow Papers." This was a book popular, democratic, humorously satirical of war and wealth and social pretensions, combining the elements of wit and conscience in about the same proportion as the Biglow satires. It is in dialect and genuinely characterizes a phase of American life.

Something of the same effort at characterization and humorous satire was made by Mr. Pier in "The Pedagogues," a story of love and education, with the scene laid at the Harvard Summer School. In this case extreme delicacy was required lest the author, who is, I

*Works of Walt Whitman, prose, poems and selections; "In This Our World," "Women and Economics" and "The Yellow Wall Paper" by Charlotte Perkins Stetson; "Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War" by P. Dunne; "The Pedagogues" by Arthur Stanwood Pier; "Sea Drift" by Grace Ellery Channing; the Beacon Biographies of Brooks, Farragut, Lee, Lowell and Webster (others in preparation), published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass.

suppose, a "Harvard man," seem to assert his superiority to such imperfections and weaknesses as his characters too plainly exhibit. On the whole, this danger is successfully passed and the book may be genuinely enjoyed.

The poems of Grace Ellery Channing, called "Sea Drift," which are lyrics of a refined and sincere quality, plainly belong to the Whitman group, as is evidenced by what is perhaps the strongest poem in the volume, entitled "Walt Whitman."

The firm's latest venture is in the field of American biography, where they promise a most attractive series, to consist of short, trustworthy and entertaining accounts of the lives of eminent Americans. The special features of the Beacon Biographies are brevity without loss of dignity, accuracy without lack of interest, sympathy without want of judgment, and in the matter of form cheapness without loss of style. The entire field of American worthies will be surveyed—surveyed as from "Beacon Hill." Thus far the volumes on Brooks, Farragut, Lee, Lowell and Webster have been issued, which reveal the scope and plan of the series. I like particularly Hale's "Lowell" and Trent's "Lee." One of the volumes to be eagerly looked for is of Audubon by John Burroughs.

This account of books is sufficient to show that here we have a typical American company, and as they have youth, enthusiasm and convictions on their side, much is to be expected from them in the future.

—LAURA MCADOO TRIGGS.

Literary Notes.

Carl Shurz's library essay on Milton, one of the best monographs on the subject, has been put into the Riverside series and can now be obtained for fifteen cents, but we hope our readers will add twenty-five cents more and get it in cloth. It deserves a permanent place on your bookshelf.

Many of our readers already know Charles A. Keeler as the writer of delicate verse—a poet from whom more is to be expected. Not so many know him as the author of a monograph on the evolution of color in birds, which has commanded the attention of experts on both sides of the water. Such will be glad to know that a San Francisco house is about to bring out a pamphlet, entitled "A First Glance at the Birds," which is to be a portion of a larger work on "Bird Notes Afield," by Mr. Keeler. This must be good news to bird lovers, particularly those dwelling on the Pacific coast. Mr. Keeler has every qualification necessary to enable him to do for California what Messrs. Chapman, Torrey, Burroughs, Miss Merriam, Olive Thorne and others have done for the birds of the Atlantic slope.

The autumn announcement of the Little, Brown & Co. publishing house of Boston is before us and contains some interesting promises, such as "An Art Life of William Morris Hunt by One of His Pupils," "In Ghostly Japan," by Lafcadio Hern; "A Study of Kate Field, also of Elizabeth Barrett Browning; two books by Lillian Whiting. Mabel Loomis Todd has a book on "Total Eclipses of the Sun." The next item promises a book on salads, sandwiches and chafing dish dainties. This might be called a step from the sublime to the delicious. New editions of the poems of Christina and Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Keats. There is to be another child's story by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission." The library of Edward Everett Hale is to be completed. New sets of the Dumas, Bulwer Lytton and Hugo novels and a great number of children's books.

"The Great White Plague."

It is not often that a layman fills to better purpose a pulpit than in the case of Dr. Jaques' address at All Souls' Church last Sunday. Dr. Jaques has made a special study of lung and contagious diseases, and while, like his professional brethren in general, he has failed to discover a remedy for consumption, or "the great white plague," his statement of its ravages and the preventive measures that should be used are suggestive and valuable. As consumption is now classed among contagious diseases directions as to how it may be avoided are specially applicable and timely.

One of the most important facts in connection with preventive measures as to tuberculous disease is that, as Dr. Jaques says, man is only one of several animals subject to it. Cattle, monkeys, birds, cats and dogs become infected with the tuberculous parasite and, of course, are a means of spreading the plague. This is a fact not as widely known or understood as it should be. Statistics and observation agree that when pets —cats, dogs, birds, etc.—are kept in a family the liability to consumption is much greater than in families where such pets are not part of the household. When it is remembered that, as Dr. Jaques asserts, among civilized people one death out of seven is caused by tuberculous bacilli, the possible danger of contagion from within the home is apparent. Wild animals are said never to have consumption. It is only when they are caged, petted, kept from sunlight and deprived of exercise that they become liable to the great plague. The hint as to the proper conditions of human life in these regards is now generally acted upon and Dr. Jaques declares the only remedy for an individual attacked with this disease "is to do just what you would do with a plant attacked by slugs or mold—give it sunlight, fresh air, better nutrition and place it under conditions not favorable to the growth of mold." Still better is the employment of such agencies as a means of prevention before the system has been attacked.

One other of Dr. Jacques' statements—that "probably 20 per cent. of the cows furnishing the milk and butter used in Chicago are tubercular"—furnishes food for reflection and also a subject for action. As to the latter the doctor continues:

"The public must demand that cows furnishing milk and butter for public use should be tested for tuberculosis. When the farmer finds that this disease is affecting his pocketbook he will be anxious to bring about those conditions which will eradicate it from his herds. Public sentiment must be aroused to provide health authorities with the means to carry on this work."

Some progress has been made in this direction, but the importance of thorough and radical measures is not fully appreciated as yet by the general public. Such addresses as that of Dr. Jaques at All Souls will be useful in stimulating public interest as to preventive measures against the most insidious and dangerous of diseases.—*From the Chicago Record.*

Influence of Nature.

Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul,
Of all my mortal being.

—*Wordsworth.*

For the soul that gives is the soul that lives;
And bearing another's load
Doth brighten your own and shorten the way,
And brighten the homeward road.

—*Washington Gladden.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Whatever our possessions may be, spiritual or material, we must make them available to the common welfare—or lose our souls.

MON.—Do not disqualify yourself for receiving impressions of reality from the world around, or illuminations from the light within.

TUES.—In a deep way, we are all alike, else we could not understand each other.

WED.—In other ways, we all differ, else we should be stupidly uninteresting.

THURS.—Each one of us is bound to suppress all tendencies or qualities in himself which would unsuit him for living with others.

FRI.—There need be no crowding; for in the world of souls there is as much room as there is in heaven for the stars.

SAT.—Since in each of us there is something of the power, wisdom and love of the Eternal, is it not profanation and a sacrilege to quench or smother our own spirits?

—*From Self-Preservation, by Charles G. Ames, in "Life Studies."*

The Young King.

It was the night before the day fixed for his coronation, and the young king was sitting alone in his beautiful chamber. He had been thinking of the robe he was to wear at his coronation, the robe of tissued gold, and the ruby-studded crown, and the scepter, with its rows and rings of pearls.

When midnight sounded from the clock-tower he touched a bell and his pages entered and disrobed him with much ceremony, pouring rose-water over his hands and strewing flowers on his pillow. A few moments after they had left the room he fell asleep.

And as he slept he dreamed a dream, and this was his dream:

He thought he was standing in a long, low attic, amid the whirl and clatter of many looms. The meager daylight peered through the grated windows and showed him the gaunt figures of the weavers bending over their cases. Pale, sickly-looking children were crouched on the huge cross-beams. As the shuttles dashed through the warp they lifted up the heavy battens, and when the shuttles stopped they let the battens fall and pressed the threads together. Their faces were pinched with famine, and their thin hands shook and trembled. Some haggard women were seated at a table sewing. A horrible odor filled the place, the air was foul and heavy, and the walls dripped and steamed with damp.

The young king went over to one of the weavers and stood by him and watched him. And the weaver looked at him angrily, and said: "Why art thou watching me? Art thou a spy set on us by our master?"

"The land is free," said the young king, "and thou art no man's slave."

"In war," answered the weaver, "the strong make slaves of the weak, and in peace the rich make slaves of the poor. We must work to live, and they give us such mean wages that we die. We toil for them all day long, and they heap up gold in their coffers and our children fade away before their time and the faces of those we love become hard and evil. We tread out the grapes and another drinks the wine; we reap the corn and our own board is empty. We have chains, though no eye sees them; and are slaves, though men call us free."

"Is it so with all?" asked the young king.

"It is so with all," answered the weaver. "But what are these things to thee? Thou art not one of us. Thy face is too happy." And he turned away scowling, and threw the shuttle across the loom, and the young king saw that it was threaded with a thread of gold.

And a great terror seized upon him, and he said to the weaver, "What robe is this that thou art weaving?"

"It is the robe for the coronation of the young king," he answered; "what is that to thee?"

And the young king gave a loud cry and woke, and he was in his own chamber, and through the window he saw the great honey-colored moon hanging in the dusky sky. He thought no more now of the robe he was to wear and the crown and the scepter, but rather, what can I do when I am king to relieve the condition of the poor?—*Pratt Institute Monthly.*

Tennyson Loved Children.

When Tennyson was a young man living at home he so attracted the children of the family that they would sit on his knees or cling about his feet while he told them stories of his own invention. He would make himself a Colossus of Rhodes for the boys, the fun being to rush under the archway of his legs without receiving a whack from his open hand. The poet was devoted to his own children. The mother not being strong enough to walk far, was drawn in her garden carriage by her two boys, Hallam and Lionel, while the father himself pushed from behind. He would read to them while they were sitting together on a bank in a field, play football with them, teach them to shoot with bow and arrow and go with them flower hunting. In rainy weather father and boys stayed indoors and played battledoor and shuttlecock, a game of which Tennyson was passionately fond.

One of their amusements was the blowing of soap bubbles, and the poet-father would become excited over the "gorgeous colors and landscapes and the planets breaking off from their suns and the single star becoming a double star," all of which he saw in the bubbles. In the evening he would help the boys to act scenes from a familiar play, or superintend their charades, writing amusing prologues to help out the entertainment. "Make the lives of children as beautiful as possible," was one of the poet's favorite sayings. Another was, "A truthful man generally has all the virtues," and his chief anxiety was that the children should be strictly truthful. He insisted that they should be courteous to the poor, and his son records that "the severest punishment he ever gave me, though that was, it must be confessed, slight, was for some want of respect to one of our servants."

In the later years of the poet's life his grandchildren loved a romp with him and enjoyed their rides, when he would fight them with newspapers, or play "pat-a-cake" with them. On one of his last walks, when he had passed his eighty-third year, he met the village school children and pointed his stick at them, barking like a dog to make them laugh.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Omaha.—In the Unitarian geography this city belongs to Iowa. The Iowa Unitarian Association holds its next session here October 8-11.

Toledo, Ohio.—The seventh annual program of the Emerson class, conducted by Mrs. A. G. Jennings, is before us. Emerson monopolizes nine out of fourteen sessions. Lowell, Carlyle, Ruskin, Kipling and Maeterlinck come in for the other five nights.

Davenport, Ia.—The Unity Club of this place has put itself to a high task and saved the local workers much trouble by adopting for its year's work the outline prepared by Mr. Gannett of Rochester on the life and works of Tennyson.

Independence, Ia.—The annual meeting of the Northern Teachers' Association is to be held here October 19-21. The state superintendent calls upon school boards to grant leave of absence to their teachers to attend this session, without loss of pay. The opening lecture is to be given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, on Thursday evening, the 19th; subject, "Victor Hugo."

The American Institute of Civics.—The nature of this organization may be judged from its name. It is planning to hold an important meeting in the city of New York in October. The list of topics suggested for discussion covers a wide range, reaching from "The Government, Civil and Military over Extra Territorial Dependencies" to "The Limits of Party Allegiance." In the list of thirty-five or more names of proposed speakers appear the names of some of the prominent leaders of thought in the country, including Albert Shaw, General Miles, Andrew D. White, Thomas R. Slicer and many others.

Iowa Unitarians.—After a year or two of suspension and Migration "Old and New," an eight-page monthly sheet, resumes its Davenport life, under the old editorship of Arthur M. Judy. "Old and New" tried to bloom out in Chicago, and even thought of realizing its ends by some transfusion of blood into the veins of the "Christian Register" in Boston, but it has learned the mechanical advantages of a short handle. The September number is full of new plans and hopeful announcements, in connection with the inauguation of Rev. Mary A. Safford as minister at large for the state of Iowa. Miss Safford has given up her Sioux City work, and with characteristic zeal and abandon, throws herself with an uncalculating spirit into this work. The maximum outcome of a Unitarian propaganda is to be expected in Iowa this year. The question how far liberal thought and feeling in religion needs to and ought to go off by themselves and be embodied in separate organizations Miss Safford will put to the test.

Normal Schools.—On the 22d the Northern Illinois State Normal School was formally dedicated at DeKalb, Ill. This is a belated institution, notwithstanding the admirable normal college at Bloomington (one of the pioneer institutions of the kind in the West, and one of the best in the country), the Cook County Normal School in Chicago, recently transformed into the City Normal; the new Normal College, founded by Mrs. Emmons Blaine of Chicago. There is a constituency waiting for this new institution at DeKalb. These normal schools flourish and are being multiplied from two vital and valid reasons: 1. Teaching is growing more and more professional. Young people realize more and more that it is a noble and open road to usefulness. These normal schools offer the open door for young men and women who mean to give their life to the profession of teaching in one form or another. 2. They constitute the best popular institutions for secondary education, a necessary link between the high school and the university, and thousands avail themselves of this opportunity for more education, who for want of means or adequate preparation, cannot profitably enter our universities. Dunn County, Wisconsin, last week opened a county normal school at Menomonie, and we believe other counties are to take advantage of a recent law and establish similar institutions. The beginning at Menomonie is not accidental, for there the manual training and technical high school established by Senator Stout is to become a part of this new and still broader institution. The country schools not only of Dunn County, but all over that part of the state of Wisconsin, will hereafter be looking for Menomonie teachers.

Unitarian.—The program for the eighteenth meeting of the Annual Conference of Unitarian and Other Christian Churches, to be held at Washington, October 16-19, is before us. It, like everything else that comes from the George H. Ellis printing office, is a handsome piece of printing. It is an eight-page piece of work, done in colors. In addition to the program, it contains advertisements of the American Unitarian Association, the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society and the "Christian Register." The program we have already outlined. Monday evening, the 16th, the topic will be "The Nature and Character of God. Rev Thomas R. Slicer of New York City and Professor Charles M. Tyler of Cornell University are the speakers. Tuesday morning, October 17th, will be given to business; Tuesday afternoon, to the meeting of the Woman's National Alliance and the Unitarian Temperance Society. Tuesday evening it will be "The Higher Nature of Man," Revs. Calthrop and Dole being the speakers. On Wednesday morning it will be "The Means of Helping to Promote the Higher Life of Man." Rev. Joseph May of Philadelphia will speak on "How We Understand and Make Use of the Bible in Our Work;" Rev. W. H. Pulsford of Waltham, Mass., on "Our Relation to Jesus;" Rev. Charles E. St. John of Pittsburg, Pa., on "How Our Doctrine of Immortality Helps to Promote the Higher Life of Man;" on Wednesday afternoon it will be Sunday-school interests. Booker T. Washington, Mrs. John A. Bellows of Boston and T. R. Slicer of New York as speakers. At 4 p. m. a meeting in the interests of the Young People's Union. Wednesday evening will be a platform meeting, the general topic being "The Practical Appeal of the Unitarian Church to the Twentieth Century." George E. Adams of Chicago will speak on "The Appeal of the Unitarian Church to the National Life of the Twentieth Century;" Rev. Paul R. Frothingham of New Bedford, "The Appeal for Religious Reconstruction;" Rev. A. L. Hudson of Buffalo, "The Appeal to Christian Sentiment," and Rev. M. J. Savage, "The Appeal to Conscience." On Thursday morning there will be papers on "Religion and Education," "Religion and Citizenship," "Religion and Sociology," presented respectively by Professor F. W. Hopper of Brooklyn, Adelbert Moot, Esq., of Buffalo, N. Y., and Hon. Carroll D. Wright of Washington. Thursday afternoon the American Unitarian Association interests will be considered. Rev. Howard N. Brown of Boston will speak on "Our Message to Other Branches of the Church in America," B. Fay Mills of Boston on the Message of Our Church to the Unchurched," and Rev. S. A. Eliot on "The Message of Our Church to Our Own People." The closing sermon will be given on Thursday evening by Dr. Crothers of Cambridge. The headquarters of the Congress will be at the Arlington House. Hotel accommodations, ranging from four dollars to one dollar and a half per day, are announced. The trunk lines carry for one and one-third fare. Copies of the program can be obtained by addressing the secretary, D. W. Moorehouse, 104 E. Twentieth street, New York City.

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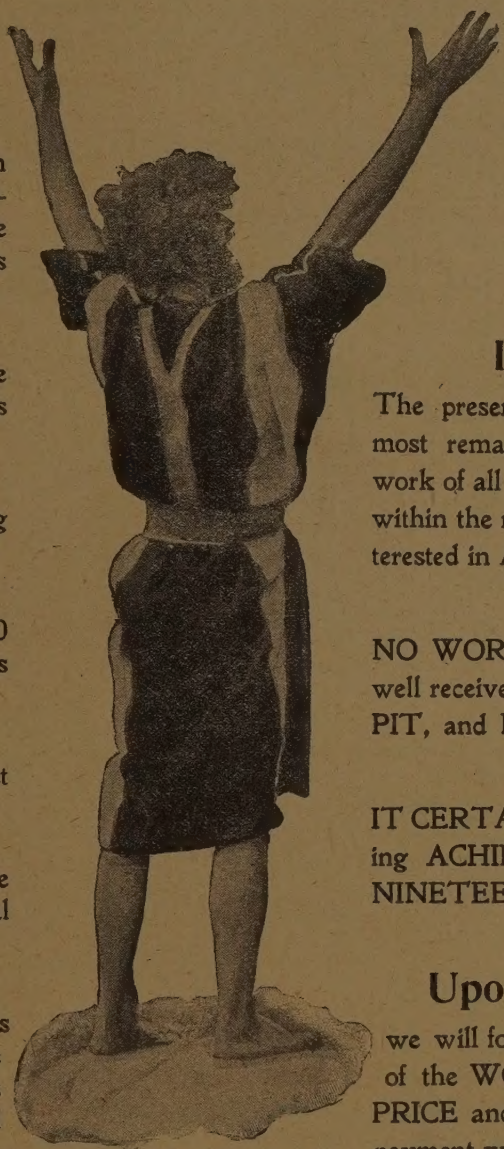

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